Javier Borras

What Education Has Taught Me

[PAST]

I remember the summer before my freshman year of high school. This song called "Use

Somebody" by Kings of Leon was always playing on the radio. Whenever I got into my

dad's car so he could drive me to soccer practice, the song was playing.

Whenever I got back into the car after soccer practice, the song was playing. My memory

of that summer feels a little bit vague. It was always hot and humid in the field in front of

my high school. I would sweat whenever we ran our three laps around the school for our

warm up before practice began. I was always thirsty while we kicked a soccer ball

between cones in groups of three, kicking the ball to each other and weaving between the

cones simultaneously. I gasped for breath when we ran up a steep hill as a group fifteen

times in a row.

It was always a relief to sit as a group on the cool green grass and drink cool water that

always seemed to disappear too quickly. My skin always felt hot to the touch, and no

matter how much sunscreen I put on, the back of my neck always felt like it was getting

roasted by the sun. Every practice ended with me sitting on the grass, guzzling my water

down, thankful that practice was over. My legs and my arms were always sore from the

usual soccer exercises.

I was relieved when I saw my dad arriving at school to take me home. He would always

have the radio on, and as we left the high school parking lot I would always hear the the

Kings of Leon song play. Honestly, at the time I felt annoyed. How could that song be

playing all the time? Didn't the radio station have better music? It got to the point that I

would start to hear that song in my head during practices. That moment best described

my summer. A hot two and a half hours of soccer exercises that always left me begging

for water, and the cooling ride home as that song played on the radio and the wind

entered our car from rolled down windows.

[PRESENT]

I remember a moment when I first came to Bloomsburg University. At the time, I was a

Computer Science major and I was growing less and less interested in the classes that I

was taking at the time. One day, I was walking to my Computer Ethics class in the

Bakeless Building. As I walked, I was listening to a song called "Heart Skips A Beat" by

The XX. I had been listening to the band for a while, and I had recently become

infatuated by this song of theirs.

I came across this song at an interesting time in my college career. It was nearing the

middle of the Spring Semester, and I felt like I had been doing nothing but cruising

through classes. I was feeling a little lost. I didn't know if I would continue my college

education, or if I even wanted to continue my education.

As I entered the Bakeless Building, the song entered the middle portion. I was only

passively listening to the lyrics, I was mostly interested in listening to the rhythm of it.

As I waited outside the locked classroom door, I looked around me. People in my class

began to appear. I had one friend who was also taking the class with me. He had prior

experience in the field of Computer Science, mostly because he took classes in high

school. It seemed to me that programming for the major came easy to him. I felt that

way about the other students around me as well. I thought that they had been proactive

about the major, doing things in their spare time to become adept at the concept of

programming. I was very interested in computers, but I had never done any research on

the topic of programming. I had not worked on any programming projects during high

school. I was just learning what a programming language was.

I felt a little overwhelmed, and very much lost. Listening to the song helped me sooth my

nerves.

[FUTURE]

As I sat in the sun, I listened to one of my favorite songs. It's a song that I've liked since

high school. It's the song "Substitution" by the Silversun Pickups. I got up from the

swinging chair on my porch and walked back inside. It was nearing the end of May, and

summer was just beginning in earnest.

I had just graduated from Bloomsburg University, and I soon had to make the decision of

whether I would go to graduate school or not. I walked into the kitchen to get a glass of

green tea. I thought about when the next time I would see my friends would be. Since we

all just graduated, I couldn't see how we could possibly see each other ever again. It

seemed like everyone I knew already had a job or was going off to graduate school.

I drank from my glass and carried it out to the living room, where my parents were

watching a show together. I looked at the decorations on the shelves in our living room,

and thought about how uniquely "yours" the house was. My parents have this habit of

occupying a space and renovating it so that it becomes what they want it to be. Before we

lived in Lemoyne, we had lived in a neighborhood right outside the city of Harrisburg. It

was a very old looking house when we first moved in, but by the time we moved to this

neighborhood, the house was all fixed up. The wallpaper was all taken down, and we

painted the walls nice, neutral, modern colors. The appliances and the sink in the kitchen

were replaced with modern appliances, and we added hardwood floors to the living room

and the bedrooms.

My parent's favorite hobby is to renovate their own house, so I doubt that they are

finished quite yet with our home. But it certainly looks better now than it did when we

first moved in. I liked the way our home looked. It was very tranquil and peaceful.

I sat with my parents and watched a few shows on Netflix with them. This is how we

always spent our weekends together, usually just watching television shows or movies for

hours at a time. It was a routine that I thought was very relaxing.